The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1801.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF SENTIMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

——— "YES," said Maria, kneeling with fervent ardor, "I will indulge in the enthusiasm of my heart—I will cherish the sensibility of my nature. Retired within myself, I hear not the confused noise of the jarring world, I heed not its follies, I escape the contagion of its vices. I cultivate that benevolence, that charity which endureth and pardoneth all things. My heart was once fixed on the gay, but I fear, the deluded Florio. If all that rumour alledges be true, that heart must be torn from him, though it bleed to death at the separation. Yet amidst the pangs of my sufferings I shall see a consoling sentiment arising from conscious integrity, which deceit and vice cannot know. Time may perhaps heal my wound; I may at length become capable of reflecting with calmness on the worthlessness of the object of which I was enamoured. The face of nature again shall smile as it was wont, and my mind resume its former cheerfulness and emotions of delight. Yet, should the worst be true, I will cherish that sensibility to which I owe my pain; exquisite has been the delight it has afforded, and I cannot consent to purchase even exemption from misery at the price of becoming torpid and unfeeling."

A shower of tears here relieved the swelling heart of the fair enthusiast; but she was soon after more effectually relieved by learning that all that rumor had insinuated against her lover had been merely the invention of venemous slander, and her melancholy and fears succeeded by the liveliest emotions of rapturous joy.———

ANECDOTE.

A WORTHY old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surprised on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in the bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way: pray what is the meaning of that, sir? Oh! sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's that you sent me for a present out of the country.

HYMENEAL CURIOSITY.

A marriage was lately celebrated at Wells, in England, which excited a considerable degree of curiosity and entertainment. The bride, Mary Evans, was without arms, but enjoys the use of her feet so as to be able by her toes to cut out watch-papers and work at her needle with singular facility, for many years past she has attended the principal fairs as a show, and thereby acquired a fortune of £.800---She is now between 30 and 40 years of age, of very diminutive stature, and with a countenance certainly not overcharged with feminine lovelineſs; added to these, her eyes are weak, and her voice is as deep and sonorous as any boatswain's in the King's service, —but love, imperious love, who knows no discrimination of rank or person, impressed this spinster with passions ardent and anim ted. The driver of her carivan, a young man, named Simpson, was the object of her choice; time had made him familiar to her deformity, and her riches "lived in his thoughts, and played upon his heart;" for after all, "money is your best match-maker." In fine, they were regularly asked to church, and were married amidst an immense concourse of spectators—during the ceremony some difficulty arose as to the disposing of the ring, the bride not having a finger on which to place it, but, at the earnest solicitation of the parties, this form was dispensed with.

To the Editor of the Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IF you think the following, from the pen of the learned D'Iſraeli, worthy inſertion, they are at your ſervice.—C.

OF the agreeable claſſes of literature, the Romance has always been held the moſt delightful: it has been elegantly defined, as the offspring of fiction and love. Men of learning have amuſed themſelves with tracing the epocha of romances. In this reſearch they have diſplayed more ingenuity than reaſon; and ſome have fancied that it may have exiſted as far back as the time of Ariſtotle: Durchus, one of his diſciples, having written ſeveral works of this amuſing ſpecies.

Let us, however, be ſatisfied in deriving it from the Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus, a biſhop who lived in the fourth century; whoſe work has been lately tranſlated. This elegant prelate was the Grecian Fenelon. Beautiful as theſe compoſitions are when the imagination of the writer is ſufficiently ſtored with accurate obſervations on human nature, in their birth, like many of the fine arts, they found in the zealots of religion, men who oppoſed their progreſs. However, Heliodorus may have delighted thoſe who were not inſenſible to the felicities of fine imagination, and to the enchanting elegancies of ſtyle, he raiſed himſelf, amongſt his brother eccleſiaſtics, enemies, who at length ſo far prevailed, that it was declared by a ſynod, that his performance was dangerous to young perſons, and that if the author did not ſuppreſs it, he muſt reſign his biſhoprick. We are told he preferred his romance to his biſhoprick. Even ſo late as in Racine's time, it was held a crime to peruſe theſe unhallowed pages. He informs us, that the firſt effuſions of his muſe were in conſequence of ſtudying that ancient romance, which his maſter obſerving him to devour with the keenneſs of a famiſhed man, he ſnatched it from his hands and flung it in the fire. A ſecond copy experienced the ſame fate. What could Racine do? He bought a third and took the precaution of devouring it ſecretly, till he got it by heart; after which he offered it to his maſter with a ſmile, to burn, if he choſe, like the others.

The deciſion of theſe bigots was founded in their opinion of the immorality of ſuch works. They alledged, that the writers paint too warmly to the imagination, addreſs themſelves too forcibly to the paſſions, and in general, by the freedom of their repreſentations, hover on the borders of indecency. The little page, which we allot to ourſelves, does not admit of invalidating cenſures ſo plauſible. Let it be ſufficient, however, to obſerve, that thoſe who condemned the liberties which theſe writers take with the imagination, could indulge themſelves with the loves of the wife SOLOMON, when ſanctioned by the authority of the church.

Other opinions concerning the opinions of Romances it is proper to notice. The learned Fleury thinks that they were not known till the twelfth century, and gives as their original, the hiſtory of the Dukes of Normandy. The hiſtory of the acts of Charlemagne and Roland, falſely aſcribed to Archbiſhop Turpin, proves that romances are ancient. Dom River, one of the erudite aſſociates of the congregation of St. Maur, authors of the Literary Hiſtory of France, (a work to which theſe volumes are indebted for much valuable information) fixes their origin in the tenth century. He ſays that the moſt ancient romance known, was one which appeared in the middle of that century, under the title of Philomena, or the Beloved. This romance contains the pretended exploits of Charlemagne, before Narbonne. At Touloufe, he tells us, they have preſerved a copy of the Philomena in its original language, that is to ſay, the Romaunt or poliſhed; ſuch as was then ſpoken at court. They preferred this language to the Latin, which was then that of the common people, but vitiated with their corruptions.

So far have we travelled on the road of conjecture; we will now turn into the path of fact. It is certain that theſe compoſitions derive their name from the language in which they were firſt written. Abbé Iraild has given us the character of the earlieſt romances, which I ſhall tranſcribe; for to add, to what is well expreſſed, however it may pleaſe the vanity of a writer, ſeldom tends to the gratification of the reader.

'The firſt romances were a monſtrous aſſemblage of hiſtories, in which truth and fiction were equally blended, but all without probability; a compoſition of amorous adventures, and all the extravagant ideas of chivalry. The incidents are infinitely multiplied; deſtitute of connexion or order, and art. Theſe are the ancient and miſerable romances, which Cervantes, in his celebrated ſatirical romance of Don Quixote, has covered with eternal ridicule.'

It is however, from theſe productions, rather in their improved ſtate, that poets of all nations have drawn their richeſt inventions. The agreeable wildneſs of that fancy, which characteriſed the eaſtern nations, was caught by the Cruſaders. When they returned home, they mingled in their own cuſtoms of each country. The Saracens, who were men like themſelves, becauſe they were of another religion, and were therefore their enemies, were pictured under the tremendous form of PAYNIM GIANTS. The credulous reader of that day followed with trembling anxiety the RED-CROSS KNIGHT. It was thus that fiction embelliſhed religion, and religion invigorated fiction. Such incidents have enlivened the cantos of Arioſto, and adorned the epic of Taſſo; Spencer is the child of their creation, and it is certain that we are indebted to them for ſome of the bold and ſtrong touches of Milton.

We muſt not dwell on the progreſſive improvements of the romance in its metrical form, as this would intice us too far from our deſign. We feel ourſelves treading on fairy ground, and we quit with regret its delightful viſions.

The Italian romances of the fourteenth century, were ſpread abroad in great numbers. They formed the polite literature of the day. But if it is not permitted to authors freely to expreſs their ideas, and give full play to the imagination, theſe works muſt never be placed in the ſtudy of the rigid moraliſt. They indeed puſhed their indelicacy to the verge of groſſneſs, and ſeemed rather to ſeek, than avoid ſcenes, which a modern would bluſh to deſcribe. They (to employ the expreſſion of one of their authors) were not aſhamed to name what God had created. Cinthio, Bandello, and others, but chiefly Boccacio, rendered libertiniſm agreeable, by the faſcinating charms of a poliſhed ſtyle, and a luxuriant imagination.

This, however, muſt not be admitted as an apology for immoral works; for poiſon is ſtill poiſon, even when it is delicious. Such works were, and ſtill continue to be the favorites of a nation, which is ſtigmatiſed for being prone to illicit pleaſures and impure amours. They are ſtill curious in their editions, and are not parſimonious in their price for what they call an uncaſtrated copy. There are many Italians, not literary men, who are in poſſeſſion of an ample library of theſe old noveliſts.

If we paſs over the moral irregularities of theſe romances, we may diſcover a rich vein of invention, which only requires for to be releaſed from that rubbiſh which diſfigures it, to become of an invaluable price. The DECAMERONS, the HECATOMMITI, and the NOVELLAS of theſe writers make no inconſiderable figure in the little library of our celebrated Shakeſpeare. Chaucer is a notorious imitator and lover of them; his Knight's Tale is little more than a paraphraſe of Boccacio's Teſeoide. Fontaine has caught all their charms with all their licentiouſneſs. From ſuch works theſe great poets, and many of their contemporaries, frequently borrow their plots; not uncommonly kindled at their flame the ardor of their genius; but tending too ſubmiſſively to their own peculiar taſte, or that of their age, in extracting the ore, they have not extracted the alloy.

We muſt now turn our contemplation to the French romances of the laſt century. They were then carried to a point of perfection, which as romances they cannot exceed. To this the Aſtrea of D'Urie greatly contributed. As this work is founded on ſeveral curious circumſtances, I ſhall make it the ſubject of the following articles; for it may be conſidered as a literary curioſity. It was followed by the illuſtrious Baſſa, the great Cyrus, Clelia, &c which though not adapted to the preſent age, gave celebrity to their authors. Their ſtyle, as well as that of the Aſtrea, is difficult and inſipid. The Zaide of Segrais, and the princeſs of Cleves are tranſlated, and though they are maſter-pieces of the kind, were never popular in our country, and are little adapted to its genius.

It is not ſurprizing that romances have been regarded as pernicious to good ſenſe, morals, taſte, and literature. It was in this light they were conſidered by Boileau; becauſe a few had ſucceeded, a croud imitated their examples. Gomberville and Scudery, and a few more were admired; but the ſatiriſt diſſolved the illuſion. This he did moſt effectually by a dialogue, in which he ridicules thoſe citizens of a certain diſtrict, whoſe characters were concealed in theſe romances, under the names of Brutus, Horace Cocles, Lucretius, and Clelia. This dialogue he only read to his friends, among whom he eſteemed Mademoiſelle de Scudery: but when at length it was publiſhed, it united all the Romance writers againſt our ſatiriſt.

I muſt not omit noticing an oration, which a celebrated jeſuit pronounced againſt theſe works. It is true he exaggerates; and it has been finely obſerved, that he hurls his thunders on flowers. He intreats the magiſtrates not to ſuffer the foreign romances to be ſcattered amongſt the people; but to lay on them heavy penalties as on prohibited goods; and repreſents this prevailing taſte as being more peſtilential than the plague itſelf. He has drawn a ſtriking picture of a family devoted to romance reading; he there deſcribes women occupied day and night with their peruſal; children juſt eſcaped from the lap of their nurſe, graſp in their little hands the fairy tales; and a country ſquire, ſeated in an old arm-chair, and reading to his family the moſt wonderful paſſages of the ancient works of chivalry.

From romances, which had now exhauſted the patience of the public, ſprung NOVELS. They attempted to allure attention by this inviting title, and reducing their works from ten to two volumes. The name of romance diſguſted; and they ſubſtituted thoſe of hiſtories, lives, memoirs and adventures. In theſe works (obſerved Iraild) they quitted the unnatural incidents, the heroic projects, the complicated and endleſs intrigues, and the exertion of noble paſſions; heroes were not now taken from the throne, they were ſought for even amongſt the loweſt ranks of the people.

On this ſubject, I ſhall juſt obſerve, that a novel is a very dangerous poiſon in the hand of a libertine; it may be a ſalutary medicine in that of a virtuous writer.

CRITICAL COMMUNICATION.

From a Northern Paper.

AMONG the books that have been lately publiſhed, there has appeared one called *The Farmer of N. Jerſey*, and as the author of it has long exalted himſelf in the chair of criticiſm, and reviewed the productions of others, it is but equitable that his own ſhould undergo an analyſis.

This work, in ſeventy pages, profeſſes to comprize a picture of domeſtic life. Like the Iliad of Homer it exhibits the quarrels of heroes, and if Mœnides brings forth Achilles and Agamemnon diſputing, Mr. Davis makes Will Brandywine fight with his rival Jack Hayſtack. But in the Iliad the contention is for the daughter of a prieſt of Apollo; and the preſent work for the child of a New-Jerſey Farmer.

This tale begins ſomewhat like the Vicar of Wakefield: we find a ſimilitude in the characters, and an attempt at Goldſmith's humor. However, the copy is not a ſervile one. Mr. Davis has increaſed the ludicrouſneſs of his portrait, by making the farmer's wife a democrat; and we cannot refrain from a ſmile when the farmer gravely obſerves that on ſome occaſions he was "awed into ſubmiſſion by Dorothy, who, when politics came uppermoſt in her mind, was like one poſſeſſed."

Who would not laugh if ſuch a wife there be?
Who would not laugh if Dorothy were ſhe?

Will Brandywine, a ſailor, is the hero of the tale, a thoughtleſs, airy, turbulent youth, who, to appropriate his own expreſſion, *lays an anchor out to windward of a Farmer*, and carries off the girl, that had been betrothed to him by her father. The character of the ſailor and farmer are well diſcriminated; indeed with ſuch characteriſtic phraſeology, that the diſcourſe of Will Brandywine would diſpoſe us to believe that Mr. Davis himſelf had been before the maſt; and the converſation of Hayſtack that he had wrought at the tale of the plough.

This book will not be read much in the parlor or withdrawing room. We will do the author the juſtice to ſay, that his work is Nature from the beginning to the end.—Whom then will it pleaſe? Not the refined, the oſtentatious and the proud, but the farmer and his family ſitting peaceably round their fire-ſide.

But the book is obviouſly an haſty production. Though the ſtyle be pure and always adapted to the ſubject; on light ſubjects airy, on grave ones dignified—yet it exhibits certain marks of careleſsneſs, precipitancy, and contempt of public opinion, which it is our duty to cenſure.

Some chapters are too ſhort, nay, in one are compriſed the events of ſeveral years. What does this argue, but that the author was tired of his underſtanding, and wanted to bring it to a concluſion. The laſt part, we confeſs, is affecting, and will probably beguile thouſands of their tears; and the author in this deſcription is never turgid, except that he makes uſe of the circumlocutory expreſſion "frail bark,"* when the word boat would have ſerved the purpoſe.

The following may be cited as an example of happy conciſeneſs in deſcription, which brings the objects before the mind much more forcibly than any pomp of declamation.

"Serena uttered a ſhriek, and fell on the ground.

"We ran to her aid, and had ſcarcely raiſed her up, when the wave that had ſnatched the boat from her ſight, rolled a body to the ſhore.

"She ran to the place—it was the corpſe of her huſband.

"We were ſenſibly affected at the emotions of the farmer and his family, when he migrates from New-Jerſey to Savannah. We will quote the paſſage, that every reader may judge whether we ought not to have been moved,

"We, therefore, prepared to go. Yet it was not without exceſs of ſorrow that I left the habitation in which I had lived ſo long, ſo innocently and ſo peaceably. My feet clung to the threſhold, and I looked with wildneſs at the locuſt tree under whoſe ſhade I had ſo often ſate with my wife and children. Oh! if theſe are prejudices, let me hug them to my breaſt, and far away be that philoſophy that would deprive me of my feelings. My wife hung down her head, and Serena bedewed with tears the child that ſlept on her boſom."

He who can write like this, will not often write in vain. Here is no hyperbolical amplification of ſorrow: but natural ſentiment expreſſed in correſponding language. In a word, the Farmer of New-Jerſey has many faults, but is not without its peculiar beauties.

* See page 64.

SONNETS—*From Shakeſpeare.*

ROMEO TO JULIET.

ARISE fair ſun, ariſe, thy charms diſplay,
Unveil thoſe eyes with heav'ns own luſtre bright;
Then the pale moon ſhall envious fade away,
And hide its beams beneath the ſhade of night.

O were theſe eyes reſplendent, placed in heav'n,
The moon and ſtars would ſhine leſs bright than they;
Then to the duſky face of night were given,
Beauties, ah! far more glorious than the day.

In muſing poſture, ſee, intent to ſtand,
(Though ſilent, yet her eyes would ſeem to ſpeak)
She leans her gentle cheek upon her hand;
O that I were the glove to touch that cheek;
To grow to that fair hand, O lot divine,
And touch that beauteous cheek, what extacy were mine!

ROMEO.

JULIET TO ROMEO.

AH me! what fate my boſom ſhall betide?
O Romeo, why is Montague thy name?
Why, fortune, ſhould'ſt thou thus our names divide,
Whom gentle nature form'd in common frame?

Thou art my enemy in name alone!
And what's a name? 'tis breath, it's empty air;
The roſe, whatever title it might own,
Yet ſtill would ſmell as ſweet, would bluſh as fair.

And Romeo, by any other name
The ſame dear, lov'd, all perfect youth would be;
Then change that name, and all thy Juliet claim
For that which is no real part of thee.
Or, if thou wilt not change that hoſtile name,
Be thou but ſworn my love—I'll inſtant mine diſclaim.

JULIET.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page 173.*]

CHAP. XV.

"Hence horrible ſhadow!
Unreal mockery hence! Why ſo?—being gone,
I am a man again."

SHAKESPEARE.

SUCH were the lodgers at the Caſtle of St. Donats; no more fit for ſolitude, than the delicate petit maitre to atchieve the labours of Hercules;—whoſe weak minds were ſo little equal to the taſk of drawing pleaſure and information from the diffuſed and ſcattered ſcenes of retirement, that rarely could they collect them from the numerous and motley crowd of life's public theatre.

The firſt week of their reſidence at the Caſtle paſſed off pretty well: the novelty had not yet worn off, and beſides ſome cold tongues, hams, with cakes, and other good things they had brought with them, were but juſt exhauſted. The country people too ſeemed to conſider them as ſuperior beings; and the gratification of their pride helped to keep them well pleaſed with their ſituation; but in the beginning of the ſecond week every thing was become familiar, and indifference followed of courſe. Mr. Maiber was an inquiſitive and meddling man, very willing to beſtow the knowledge he had attained upon others, and eager to get a freſh ſupply in its room. he ſoon heard ſome particulars about the ghoſt; theſe he haſtened to communicate to his wife and Miſs Streit. The former heard the account not w hout ſome pleaſure, as it agreed with her favourite notions, but poor Miſs Streit, who had never read a novel or a romance in her life, felt the cold norror creep th ou h her blood at once. Mr. Maiber himſelf was rather alarmed; he clearly ſhewed it by affecting to la gh it off, and even talk of queſtioning this dreadful ſpirit. They had ſhown no inclination for an acquaintance with Mr. Freeman, who had civilly called ſome few days before at their lodgings. They conſidered him as a poor Welch Curate, that wanted their notice, and had not yet ſeen him. The reaſon was, that Mr. Freeman had avoided meeting them; and they, ſuppoſing the whole Church ſervice to be in Welch, had not attended it on the Sunday, but deferred gratifying their curioſity till another time. The ſtory of the ghoſt, however, had made them very anxious for his acquaintance, in hopes he might be able to furniſh them with the particulars. Miſs Streit's maid, and a ſervant boy of Mr. Maiber's, had heard moſt wonderful and ſhocking accounts. Very eager therefore was the gentleman to be acquainted with the Curate, and with great ſelf conſequence called on Mr. Freeman to aſk him to dinner. Mr. Freeman was at the time reading with Smith an old Greek author; I cannot poſitively ſay, whether before the time of Æſchylus or not. Our youth, who had arrived but the evening before, opened the door. Mr. Maiber, aſtoniſhed at the elegance of his perſon, and gentility of his dreſs, loſt all his conſequence, and concluded he had made ſome miſtake; finding he had not, and Smith ſhowing him into a well furniſhed room, he had to encounter the piercing eyes of Mr. Freeman, who deſiring him to ſit down, told him by a look what an inſignificant fellow he was. With the utmoſt humility he opened his buſineſs; firſt attempting an excuſe for not calling, and could not get through it; and concluding his buſineſs by inviting them both to dinner. It was at the time paſt one o'clock; Mr. Freeman therefore coolly refuſed without the trouble of aſſigning any reaſon; and not trying to keep up the converſation, Mr. Maiber, completely creſt fallen, withdrew. The ill ſucceſs of his commiſſion, and the deſcription of the perſon of Mr. Freeman and his friend, quite aſtoniſhed the haughty and purſe-proud ladies; and, with very little appetite, and blaming one another, they ſat down to their dinner. The evening was wet, with a raw cold wind; and the ladies returning together above ſtairs, left Mr. Maiber alone to the deſſert of his own thoughts. He found ſolitude doubly irkſome, and ſent his boy to the farmer to aſk him to drink a glaſs of wine. The farmer came, and, after a few glaſſes, and Mr. Maiber had heard what particulars the farmer could tell him of Mr. Freeman and Smith, the converſation turned upon the ghoſt. Mr. Maiber had already paid his lodgings for the whole ſummer, therefore the farmer, having no fears of loſing his tenant, did not mince the matter, but for the honour of the ghoſt, with all its horrors told the dreadful tale. The ladies had come down time enough to hear the ſtory: and when the farmer had concluded, it was difficult to ſay, which of the three was the moſt alarmed. Mrs. Maiber, in a great degree hid her's; Mr. Maiber, with a melancholy long grin, more than a ſmile tried to joke it off; but the unhappy Miſs Streit took refuge in her general reſource when ſhe was in trouble, and began crying in a moſt tremendous tone. A diſmal reſtleſs night enſued, pregnant with a thouſand alarms and apprehenſions. A conſultation was held the next morning, and the Caſtle of St. Donats would have loſt its gueſts, had not the money for furniſhing lodgings been already paid; and though that was not of the moſt trifling conſequence to either of the parties, yet they ſacrificed their preſent comfort, that it might not be paid for nothing. In the moſt forlorn manner did another week ſlowly paſs by, in which time Mr Freeman, who began to pity their forlorn ſituation, ſo far accepted Mr. Maiber's repeated offers at an acquaintance, as to converſe with him and the ladies, and ſometimes to walk about the place with them. In the laſt occupation Smith became a more general attendant, for he found himſelf irreſiſtibly taken by the eccentricity of the three characters. The ladies took the utmoſt notice of our hero, and were fawningly civil to Mr. Freeman. They had once or twice hinted at the ſtory of the ghoſt, but Mr. Freeman gave them no ſatisfaction about it, though Smith willingly indulged them. A month paſſed away, and the ghoſt was no longer dreaded: time had taken off from Mr. Maiber's fears, and added no ſmall portion of curioſity. Mr. Maiber, always a braggadocio, began to fancy there was no ſuch thing; talked in a high ſtile to our hero, and wiſhed much to ſee this formidable apparation. Smith agreed, if Mr. Freeman would permit, to walk with him on a moonlight night by the ſide of the tower, from whence the ghoſt might be ſeen. Smith had often from his window, ſeen this apparition, but the diſtance was too far to diſtinguiſh its perſon. Mr. Freeman had always deſired him not to approach near it, but conſented to his accompanying Mr. Maiber, provided they left not the garden. Two nights following they waited in the garden from eleven to one, and nothing had been ſeen. The third night, the moon ſhining bright and clear, they had already waited till the old clock in the tower ſtruck twelve, and Smith was pointing out the ſpot; all was ſtill, the ſea was calm, when a diſtant ruſtling among the leaves caught their attention. In the

next moment a figure, exactly as before described, slowly walked along the path from the well. A bloody fillet bound its brows, and it was evidently above the common size, and stalked majestically along. Mr. Maiber, whose courage had been at its height some moments before, and whose confidence had drawn him some distance from the castle to the end of that part called the garden, shuddered when he heard the rustling; but when the spectre appeared, he could not conceal his fears. He dropped in a panic upon his knees, while, his teeth chattering in his head, he endeavoured to repeat a prayer. Smith was not unappalled; with surprise, and not without a secret horror, he viewed the spectre which slowly passed along, uttered a deep and audible groan, and was lost in the opposite bushes. Though very visible by the brightness of the full moon, it was at too great a distance for Smith to address it; but the strangeness of the circumstance fixed in his mind a strong desire to speak to it at some future period, and if possible, more clearly account for its walking. At present he turned all his attention to Mr. Maiber, who was in a pitiful case; the groan had completed his consternation, stopped the rising prayer, and laid him flat on the ground. With difficulty our hero raised him up, and supported him to Mr. Freeman's: a large glass of brandy in some degree, roused his spirits, and a second perfectly restored him. Smith saw him safe to the ladies, and returning to Mr. Freeman, informed him of the circumstance of the affright. The next morning they called upon Mr. Maiber, and found the effects of the spirit had returned in a most violent manner. Death, with its preliminaries, stared him in the face, and the boy was already ordered to Cowbridge to get an attorney to make his will. When Mr. Freeman entered the room, the ghost-watcher exclaimed, "Ah, dear sir! this is very good of you to visit a poor afflicted man; I am making every preparation to depart after this warning. May I hope for your prayers, and that you will allow me decent interment in your church?" Mrs. Maiber cried most plentifully, and Miss Streit absolutely roared. It was some time before Mr. Freeman could get an hearing, when he assured Mr. Maiber that the appearance of the spectre had nothing to do with his death, that he himself had seen it many nights following, others had done the like, and that two men were living in the parish, who had seen and spoke to it. Mr. Maiber, in a low voice, informed him, that he was already seized with a preternatural——. His comforter consoled him, that the two men had, in like manner, been affected, and both, in a few days recovered. Mr. Maiber was at last comforted, and gave over, for the present, the thoughts and preparations of dying; the attorney was countermanded, and a post-chaise ordered in his room. All parties were determined to leave the Castle, and as a compensation to Miss Streit, (who in the midst of all her affliction would not budge an inch without being indemnified) for her third share thus destroyed by the ghost, Mr. Maiber agreed to provide her with lodgings gratis for the time, at the pleasant town of Swansea. Before Mr. Maiber departed, he was very profuse of his thanks to Mr. Freeman and Smith. He invited them, very warmly, when they came to London, to pay him a visit at Islington, and greatly pressed Smith to take a ride as far as Swansea. The acquaintance, which was so auspiciously begun, was, thanks to the ghost, thus happily terminated; and Smith promised that in about a fortnight he would ride over to Swansea, and pay them a visit, to the no small joy of the ladies. Of Mr. Freeman they all stood greatly in awe, but Smith was much more agreeable to them. Their respect for the former, was like some savage nations for their Deities; the regard for the other had more of the Roman Catholic for his favourite saint.

CHAP. XVI.

"Love what we see, can from our sight remove,
And things invisible are seen by love."

ORLAN. FURI.

ACCORDING to his promise, Smith rode over to Swansea, to see if Mr. Maiber was recovered from the violent effects of his late fright. He found him none the worse for his ghost's watching, and very willing to joke and defy the spectre at a distance. The fine sea and excellent bathing at Swansea had carried off every trace of his fear, and restored both his corporal and mental powers to their proper tune. The ladies too looked gay and blooming, and with open arms received our hero.

The morning after his arrival, as he was taking an early walk upon the beach by the sea side, he saw, he looked,—it was indeed the charming Miss Modeley with an elderly lady and a female servant. Like another Venus, she was newly risen from the sea, and to the fascinated eye of her lover, appeared, if possible, more charming than ever. Smith with joyful anxiety accosted her, and was introduced to the other lady, Mrs. Heriot, her aunt. Mrs. Heriot was a widow lady of handsome fortune, her father's sister. Her health had been some time on the decline, and her niece had accompanied her to Swansea, in hopes that the sea air and bathing might restore it. They had been at Swansea about a week! Mrs. Heriot had already found benefit, and as she had determined to stay some time longer, Mr. Modeley was expected in a few days. Mrs. Heriot was a lady of an excellent heart and clear good sense; she never liked the match with Sir Sandy Seimon Swain? and Mr. Modeley, who was fond of his sister, and paid great deference to her opinion, would not have been so eager for its taking place, had not the vast estates been settled on those terms. Mr. Herriot had before heard of our hero, both from her niece and Mr. Modeley himself, and she was not disappointed in the expectation she had formed of him. Nor did he appear to less advantage than formerly in the eyes of his beloved mistress. The university had greatly polished his natural, engaging, and manly demeanour; and a little of the coxcomb, with which Smith was already tainted, is not at first unpleasant to the female. As our youth was not in the house of Mr. Maiber, his visit was by no means confined to them. Mrs. Heriot was much pleased, and very civil to him: he dined with them, and had frequent opportunities of indulging in those inexpressible duets, the deliciousness of which, as lovers alone experience, lovers alone can tell. The famous Duke de la Rochefoucault has said, "If lovers are never weary of each other, it is because they are always talking of themselves."

[~~To be~~ *continued.*] to 188

EPITAPH.

UNDER this stone my wife doth sleep!
Reader do you, for I can't—weep!

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,

HAVING brought forward *Jack Martin* into a larger sphere of action, and as the dull routine of common narrative frequently proves irksome to the reader, I have thought proper to change the mode of relating *Jack's adventures*, and conclude it in the form and manner of a play, to consist of five acts, containing each four Scenes—In consequence of this my determination, I have sent you for publication the commencement of the play, which you will please to insert, and in due season I will transmit the remainder.

Yours, &c.

HISTORY of JACK MARTIN.

[*Continued.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Jack Martin	*Fudge*
Tom Cap	*Swizz*
Hurricane	*Dover*
Tandem	*Quiz*
Gig	*Brobdinag*
Fat	

WOMEN.

Julia Touchem
Polly Smokkin
Dorothy Takeall

ACT I. SCENE I.

JACK—*Solus.*

PROPITIOUS Fortune!
Thrice harmless, from the iron hand of justice
Have I escap'd unhurt;
But lo! a stranger I,
Far distant from my native town and home,
Wander forlorn among a set of strangers;
What's to be done?
Some daring enterprise must be essay'd—
Some mighty undertaking now begun,
To save me from perdition.
Within this city well I know there be,
Men that profess and follow my own calling:
To them I'll go—and form some dismal tale,
To wake their feelings to relieve my sufferings:
With my smooth tongue I'll win upon their natures,
Till like the pliant gentle yielding willow
I bend them to my purpose.
Who's here?

Enter TOM CAP.

I will address him—
I like the lineaments upon his face,
They do bespeak a shallow understanding.
Good-morrow, Sir,—I fain would ask of you
The customs, habits, manners of this place;
And with respect to business I would learn
How go the times—

Tom. What, friend, might your occupation be?

Jack. I am, good sir, of that fam'd trade they call
The *Black-Art.*

Tom. The same am I;
Is't that you're in distress—if so,
I shall endeavour ev'ry way t' assist you.

Jack. Thank you, kind sir—by heaven 'tis well—(aside.)
Perchance you'd wish to hear how came I here,
And in this situation—
For many years I have been tempest toss't,
And buffetted about from shore to shore;
My evil fortune hath unkindly prov'd,
For I have been the sport of knaves and rogues
Fleec'd of my all, (which honestly was gain'd)
Forlorn and destitute you now behold me,
As poor as man and poverty could make me.

Tom. I deprecate thy unpropitious stars,
Which destin'd thee to this thy wayward fortune:
But come with me, 'tis now the hour to dine:
And we'll discourse about those matters further.

Enter HURRICANE.

Hur. (*To Jack.*) Ha! by the Lord, you tho't to slip away,
And cheat me of the monies for your passage.
Come pay the *rhino* down this instant sir,
Or *split my timbers* but I'll make you rue it;
I've had my eye upon you for some time
And *spring my mainmast* if you cheat me thus.

Tom. What blustering, bullying man is this,
That with such uncouth language now assails you.

Jack. 'Tis Hurricane—the captain of the ship
Which did convey me hither;
And now refuses for to wait awhile,
Until by honest industry I gain
Sufficient monies to defray his charges.

Tom. How much would satisfy this prating fellow.

Jack. A mere trifle, sir, some twenty dollars would discharge the whole,

Tom. That be my care—
Here captain take your pay,
Nor longer threaten this my honest friend.
[*Gives him money.*]

Hur. I take it sir, but give you this advice;
If e'er you valu'd happiness on earth,
Beware, be cautious of this self same fellow.
For he, more dangerous far than venom'd serpent's tongue,
Will take you in when least you think upon't.

Tom. Away false man, I never will believe it,
His countenance will tell you that you lie
And make you shrink from what you have asserted.
You, dear, sir, will now along with me.
[*Exit Tom.*]

Jack. Now have my hopes succeeded beyond wish,
Within my toils I've caught the silly fool;
Nor will I leave him, until, like a leach
I've suck'd him dry of all he has to give,
But ho! for dinner—
To stuff my paunch and feed on nicest danties.
[*Exit Jack*]

SCENE II.

Enter TANDEM *and* GIG.

Tandem. How is't with you, my honest Gig?

Gig. Why well—
But have you heard the news that common goes,
About the arrival of a certain Martin,
Well skill'd, they say, in every nook and turn,
Of that fam'd Business known by name the *Black Art.*

Tandem. Not exactly—still I wish to know;
Some buzzing of it I have heard to day,
As how that he should be a knowing one,

Well ſkilled in all the tricks and arts of men
A well known ſharper late eſcap'd from juſtice;
Can you of him the tale relate;
And give me ſome idea of his perſon?
Gig. Not, ſir, exactly,
But I'll go ſeek him,
Will you along with me:
And fathom out the buſineſs of this fellow?
Tandem. Agreed—*Allons.*

A COUNTRY SHOPKEEPER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

CLOTHS, middling, coarſe and ſuperfine,
Figs, raiſins, ſugar candy;
Sago and rice, pepper, alſpice,
Madeira wine and brandy.

Good corduroys for men and boys,
Excellent Iriſh linen;
Jeans and jeanets, and velverets,
And cloth of Joan's own ſpinning.

Cloves, ginger, prunes, and ſilver ſpoons,
Both wax and tallow candles;
Bottles and corks, and knives and forks,
With horn and i.'ry handles.

Starch, muſtard, ſnuff, all cheap enough,
Gloves, ribbons, gauze and laces,
Good caſtile ſoap, all kinds of rope,
Bed cords, plough lines, and traces.

Braſs warming pans, and ladies fans,
Queen's ware and pewter plates,
Half gallon jugs and earthern mugs,
Aſſorted well in crates.

Neat coverlids for feather beds,
And clarified honey;
Good callicoes and cotton hoſe,
All cheap for ready money.

Sweet muſcadine, and Fayal wine,
Venetian red, and umber,
Braſs curtain rings, and many things,
Too tedious here to number.

Baltimore.

HUMOR.

The mode of packing hay for the army, by which two hundred weight is compreſſed into a truſs the ſize of one, is not altogether a novelty in this country. A *quart* of wine is, by the contrivance of many of our tavernkeepers, ingeniouſly forced into a *pint* bottle.

A lady is celebrated in a morning paper for every qualification which conſtitutes the charm of poliſhed ſociety, and the model of faſhion. In corroboration of this panegyric, it is added, that the lady lately patroniſed a PIG RACE.

Monteſquieu, after remarking that the feelings of all northern nations are more blunt than thoſe of people nearer the ſun, ſays, in illuſtration of this poſition, that you muſt flea a Muſcovite to make him feel. A wound, therefore, which to an Engliſhman would be mortal, to a Ruſſian would be only a ſcratch; another reaſon why the Ruſſians muſt be the beſt ſoldiers in the world.

A coffin maker in advertiſing for buſineſs, declares he never heard any *complaints* of the *durability* of his work.

A certain bruiſing parſon, of the name of Day, being examined at the Old Bailey, on ſome point, the council, according to the laudable cuſtom of the court, attempted to brow beat him; "I think you are the bruiſing parſon," ſaid he. "I am, anſwerend the reverend divine, "and if you doubt it, and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

IT is remarked of a noted gambler, lately deceaſed, that in his ſhuffling probation here, he experienced many rubs, and had learnt the art of dealing to himſelf or his partner, all the trumps in the pack; yet what may appear a paradox, he never ſhowed an honor. Death, however, in cutting with him for the odd trick, turned up the knave.

A HINT.

ONE of my ſubſcribers, a long time ſince, intimated to me the neceſſity there was for an *Index Board* at the corner of each ſtreet, deſignating its name, in order that ſtrangers coming into our city, might more readily find, without ſo much diſagreeable enquiry, the different places at which they might have buſineſs. It would be well for ſome competent perſon to undertake the thing—no doubt ample encouragement would be given.

A CARD.

I will thank Wm. Gardiner to inform the public from what work he extracted the piece on "*Providence*," which appeared in the laſt number of the "*Child of Pallas*," with his name affixed thereto. C.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

On Miss E—— H——.

YES cruel maid! I welcome death,
And though I periſh undeplor'd,
Thy beauty with my lateſt breath,
Shall be applauded and ador'd.

Though loſt in dark oblivion's ſhade,
Bereft of favor, life and fame,
My faithful heart when open laid,
Will ſhew thy image and thy name.

There reliques I preſerve with care,
My comfort in diſaſtrous fate,
For ſteeled and whetted by deſpair,
My love new force acquires from hate.

Unhappy thoſe who darkling ſail—
Whoſe ſtars, and ports and pilots fail.

THE SHILLING TURNED INTO A GUINEA.

AS Quin and Foote
One day walk'd out,
To view the country round,
In merry mood
They chattering ſtood,
Hard by a village pound.*

Foote from his poke
A ſhilling took,
And ſaid I'll bet a penny,
In a ſhort ſpace,
Within this place,
I'll make the thing a guinea.

Upon the ground,
Within the pound,
The ſhilling ſoon was thrown;
Behold, ſays Foote,
The thing's made out,
For there is *one pound one.*

* An encloſure for the purpoſe of confining cattle.

I wonder not,
Says Quin, that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way
Your debts you pay,
One shilling in the pound.

[The following is in the ſpirit of *Juvenal*, and is a wholeſome leſſon to airy coquettes, to the *filly* belle, and the cheating prude.]

MONODY

On a lady famed for her caprice.

HOW cold is that boſom which fondly once fired,
How pale is that cheek, where the rouge lately gliſtened;
How ſilent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery ſo liſtened.

If ſorrow and anguiſh their exit await,
From friendſhip and deareſt affection removed;
How doubly ſeverer, ELIZA, thy fate,
Thou dieds't unwept as thou liveds't unloved.

Loves, graces and virtues, I call not on you;
So ſhy, grave and diſtant, ye ſhed not a tear;
But come, all ye offspring of folly ſo true,
And flowers let us cull for ELIZA's cold bier.

We'll ſearch through the garden for each *filly* flower,
We'll roam through the foreſt for each *idle weed*;
But chiefly the *nettle* ſo *typical*, flower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the raſh deed.

We'll ſculpture the marble, we'll meaſure the lay,
Here vanity ſtrums on her idiot lyre,
There keen indignation ſhall dart on her prey
Which ſpurning contempt ſhall redeem from his ire.

Here lies, now a prey to inſulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wiſdom denied her reſpect
Want only of goodneſs denied her eſteem.

EPIGRAM.

Mors janua vitæ.

DEATH is the gate of life they ſay;
The way to bliſs all ſects agree:
Then, ſurely, none can grudge to pay
So ſmall a toll—the Doctor's fee.

Printed by J. B. COLVIN, *at* PECHIN's Printing-Office, *the* corner *of* Gay & Water-ſtreets—*where* Subscriptions *for this* Magazine *are received at* THREE Dollars *per annum.*—*PRINTING of all kinds executed with neatness, elegance and dispatch—and on the* most *moderate terms.*